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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1912.

THE PENSION INCUR.

More than \$4,000,000,000 has been expended on pensions by the Federal government since Appomattox, but Congress is now asked for the largest annual appropriation on record. For this year \$165,000,000 are needed for the pensioners, and for next year the amount desired is \$185,000,000.

Forty-eight years have passed since the close of the War Between the States. Considering the tremendous pension outlay made in the years that have followed, surely none can accuse the republic of ungratefulness, although many may indict it of indiscriminating liberality. The nation has already paid the pensioners more than the whole war actually cost in money, a condition without parallel in all history. It is practically certain that the appropriations will exceed \$100,000,000 annually for a decade yet to come.

It is estimated that approximately 2,250,000 individuals enlisted in the Union army. That includes great numbers of militiamen who are not pensionable. About 403,000 were killed, mortally wounded or died of disease before the struggle ceased. It is thought that there are now about 250,000 survivors of the war, taking into account many who went into service in the final months of the contest, and who never were under fire. Altogether, 2,050,000 persons have been pensioned, including women and children and pensioners of other wars. The law lately enacted vastly increased the sums allowed to actual veterans, and this is the cause of the increase, since the pensions increase with age.

The average age of enlistment was twenty-two years. Considering 1863 as the middle of the war, the average veteran should be about seventy-two. Many boys bore arms, and they are still in the sixties. Two decades may pass before they die. There are more than 300,000 widows on the roll, and they have a long range of expectation of life. No one can accurately calculate the time when the pension appropriations will show a substantial decrease.

The fighting men who wore the blue deserve well of the nation. Their pensions constitute only their just due. The section which they invaded and whose sons they opposed in battle would not deprive the ex-Union veterans of a penny to which they are entitled. The South desires only that the pension list shall be revised and that the pensionary shall be composed solely of those gallant men who fought for the right as they saw it, and of those who were dependent upon them. Let the roll be purged of the fraudulent claimants, the imposters, the camp followers, the deserters and the home guards. Let us have honesty in pensions, and then we shall have all needed economy.

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

The predictions in the London dispatches as to the outcome of the peace conference are about as conflicting and self-contradictory as could well be imagined. The average correspondent, especially the average special correspondent, seems to be exercising his ingenuity and fretting his prophetic soul in trying to find ways and means for setting up straw optimistic theses one moment in order to knock them over with a pessimistic bowl the next.

In the same column we are told in one paragraph that the outlook is most rosy for reaching a speedy understanding, and in the succeeding one that the prospect is for the negotiations being long drawn out, with the result of the finality of a complete breakdown, a resumption of hostilities between the allies and the Turks, and their development into the caliphism of an international war. Here we have it that the allies are preparing to moderate their demands, then it is stated that Turkey, while continuing to present an inflexible face, can be surely counted upon to recognize the inevitable and accept the modified terms. Now, however, we are informed that the allies stand fast for extreme exactions, and again that the Turks are determined to court annihilation before conceding them.

Touching the question of threatened general war, resultant from the arrogant attitude of Austria-Hungary towards Serbia's pretensions, in this breath it is affirmed on "good inside authority" that both sides are becoming more tractable and are covertly extending the olive branch in that we are assured, on authority equally good and close to the ground floor bureau of information, that such is an stubborn as an army mule, and is still rattling where. So it goes. Now we see it, and now we don't—in the dispatches; in the speculations proper, alien, and deductions of the newsmongers.

Yet, as the case is seen in the logic of the situation, and the momentous interests—humanitarian, financial and

others—involved, the balance clearly and heavily on the optimistic side, Turkey is beaten to her knees. The status quo, territorially and politically, is admitted by the powers to be dead and done for, as was unmistakably disclosed in Sir Edward Grey's "impartial" speech welcoming the plenipotentiaries. This reduces to a negligible factor, if indeed it does not eliminate entirely, Turkey's traditional recourse of playing the jealousy of the powers against one another in the matter of any influence they may seek to exert in bringing about conclusion of peace, and at the same time insures materially against delay, tending to complicate further the problem. Turkey must in the end take what she can get, and she will get only what the allies are willing to give as an initial proposition, plus what the powers may persuade them to accord as a matter of generosity and good and wise policy, as bearing on the friendship of the powers for and the political relations of these to the Balkan confederation in the future.

Given that, only the Servo-Austro-Hungarian issue looms threateningly. But winnowing the grain of the situation out of the chaff of alarm, contradictions, bullying, and talk of preservation of prestige, and what not, what have we left to consider? Apart from the palpable evidence that Austria-Hungary, with her 26,000,000 of more or less discontented Slavic population, could not afford to provoke hostilities with the new "Balkan nation," and throw it into the arms of the triple entente, her two allies in the Drebrund do not want war, and the same is true of all three parties to the entente. It is fire against one, with the fire slated to suffer little if any less than the dual monarchy in the event of the latter's pursuing its threatened suicidal policy to the overt act. It is bare, real, patent, deeply self-interested, active forces for peace against a stalking horse of bluster. In those circumstances it is little short of preposterous to assume or argue that the ultimate outcome is in doubt, or will write anything but peace, not only for the Balkans, but for Europe.

OUR DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

William Jennings Bryan comes to Richmond to-day as no stranger to the people of Richmond. In the past two decades he has several times been the guest of the city. In May, 1892, the Nebraskan, then a Representative in Congress, together with William L. Wilson, his fellow member, addressed the citizens of Richmond at the Academy upon the tariff under the auspices of the Reform Club. In his first candidacy for the presidency he revisited Richmond on September 18, 1896, to speak at the Fair Grounds. On that occasion J. Taylor Elyson presided and John W. Daniel introduced the speaker. In 1900 the General Assembly invited Mr. Bryan to address it, and appointed T. N. Jones, W. P. Barksdale, Carter Glass, N. B. Early and Pembroke Pettit to meet him in Washington and escort him here. He delivered the address at the Academy on February 12. Senator W. P. Barksdale presided. The theme of the discourse was "The Income Tax, Trusts, Currency and Imperialism," and in it Mr. Bryan paid eloquent tribute to Henry, Monroe, Jefferson, Lee and Daniel. On Sunday, June 2, 1907, Mr. Bryan delivered his lecture, "The Prince of Peace," at the Auditorium, and on the following day, together with Mrs. Bryan, was present at the unveiling of the Jefferson Davis monument. For the second time as lecturer he comes to-day to Richmond, assured of the cordial and respectful welcome of its people.

THE INTERESTING DR.

Mme. de Thebes, a Parisian seeress of some note, has lately been making many predictions for 1913. It has what she says is to occur, the year will be intensely interesting. Every nation in Europe, according to the oracle, is to have its calamity next year. Happily the United States is not included in her direful prophecies, but it is about the only exception. Germany is to have disastrous war, England is to lose its king, Italy is to have a new monarch, Spain and Portugal are to experience serious revolutions, and the ex-Sultan of Turkey is to recover his throne. France is to be decentralized into small autonomous distributed throughout her territory. England will be rent by internal dissensions, and will pass through the greatest crisis in her naval history.

Much weight is attached to these prophecies on the other side of the water because it was said that this seeress has been successful in forecasting events, among them being the assassination of King Humbert of Italy and the death of Edward VII of England. Consequently herethroughout comes alarm. Perhaps Europe is an easier field for prophecy than the United States. Could the star-gazing one forecast the composition of the Wilson Cabinet? Possibly there may be more things on earth than are dreamed of in her predictions.

THE SENATE'S PRESIDENTS PRO TEM.

Until 1899 the Senate elected its Presidents pro tempore to preside in the absence of the Vice-President only for specific occasions and not for a continuous period. It was after the case that there were several such temporary presiding officers in a single Congress. In fact, there have been sixty-five Presidents pro tempore to twenty-seven Vice-Presidents. In 1899 the system of choosing Presidents pro tempore was changed, and then the Senate began to elect that officer to serve until otherwise ordered. Since that time, Ignatius of Kansas, Menden-

son, of Nebraska; Harris, of Tennessee; Ransom, of North Carolina, and Frye, of Maine, have held the honorable place. Frye was chosen in 1896, and served without cessation until he resigned on April 27, 1911.

Senator Frye's service, the longest on record, ended just when insurgency had broken the powerful Senate organization devised, perfected and controlled by Aldrich and his fellows. When the time came to fill the seat that the grand old man of Maine had vacated, neither the Republicans nor the Democrats could command sufficient votes, because the Republican Progressives held the balance of power, and so the office has remained unfilled. The death of Vice-President Sherman rendered a working agreement satisfactory to all factions imperative, although the relative strength of the parties had not been altered. Without some meeting of minds, the Senate would have had no presiding officer whatever.

It is due to this situation that the Senate now has two Presidents pro tempore, Senator Bacon, of Georgia, Democrat, and Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, Republican. Each serves two weeks, and then the other fills the chair for two weeks. The honor alternates. This solution of the situation is legitimate, for the Senate, so far as the Constitution is concerned, might have a new President pro tempore each day or night, elect as many temporary presiding officers as there are members.

No Virginian has been President pro tempore of the Senate since the honor was enjoyed by John M. Mason in 1857. The Virginians who occupied the seat before him were Richard H. Lee, Henry Tazewell, James Barbour, L. W. Tazewell and John Tyler.

THE NAVY'S STRIKING TYPHOID RECORD.

Not a single case of typhoid fever has developed among the 64,000 men of the navy in a period of eleven months.

This remarkable record of immunity from an ever-threatening disease has not come about by chance. Quite otherwise, for it is directly attributable to the adoption of the new anti-typhoid treatment. The success of that treatment, which includes the use of serum for purposes of inoculation, is more notable in the case of the navy than in that of the army. The ships of the service are constantly moving, touching at many ports where typhoid is prevalent, often to the extent of an epidemic of the most virulent form. Yet, without curtailing shore liberty privileges, the health of the crews of these vessels has been protected against this malarial to an extent undreamed of five years ago.

Not one case of typhoid fever among 64,000 men in eleven months' time! Modern medical science is solving one of the most vital problems of public health. Speed the day when typhoid will be no more common in communities than it is in the camps and barracks and upon shipboard.

A New York physician claims to have discovered a cure for red noses. This item will be of interest in North Carolina.

The New Jersey hermit who left 100 patchwork quilts was determined to make it warm for his heirs.

Coal Sneeze, of South Carolina, is getting ready to cough up another to-perdition-with-the-Constitution speech on the occasion of his second inaugural.

King George sent this message to the London members of the Institute of Journalists at their annual dinner:

"His Majesty fully realizes how much the general public owe to those who follow the strenuous and exacting career of journalism, and what heavy responsibilities devolve upon the members of that great profession."

Thanks, George!

Do your Christmas shopping in the morning.

President-elect Wilson should by all means appoint Henry Watterson minister to Iceland.

What a pity the editor of the Congressional Record cannot "cut" the copy that comes to his desk!

Dr. Sun Yat Sen is trying to secure a \$200,000,000 loan in America for his country, but he couldn't have hit us at a worse time of the year.

The editor of the Lincoln, Nebraska, Commoner is in town to-day, shaking hands with his many friends and acquaintances.

Life after January 1 will just be one bill after another.

You may curse, you may hate the money trust, if you will, but just now you'll wish you belonged to it still.

The next suffragette march will be that of Dr. and Vice-President Anna Simpson Mount, of the Chicago Equal Suffrage League, to Lynchburg, to make the editor of the Lynchburg News "take back them crook words."

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While Mrs. Pony Mopps was out riding yesterday her horse got sid and in a tangle suddenly about she was thrown from the buggy an her head hit a Kiefer pear an she is hoverin' between Morkentown an elvins' Next it is said she had nothin' as dismal as an autumn rain.

On the Spur of the Moment.

By Roy K. Moulton.

According to Uncle Abner. The best way I know of to die poor is to get involved in a lawsuit over a line fence.

There is only one thing that is harder than shavin' the back of your own neck, and that is to disengage a sheet of sticky fly paper from the boom of your trousers.

About the most useless specimen of humanity is a boardin' house keeper's husband.

There is too much education and not enough larnin' to the average college course.

When a man lets his twelve-year-old kid run a big touring car, it just goes to show that there are still a lot of fools in this world.

Hank Frisby and his wife sold all of their bed room suites, their stove and their dining room furniture, but an automobile, and still some say there is no prosperity in this country. It doesn't take long to find out what some people know, and what they do know ain't wuth findin' out.

The Old Hall Clock.
What a store of information You must have in stock, Not a word of revelation In your staid "tick-tock."

You have watched the decades passing as the ships upon the sea, Stores of knowledge ever amassing as the generations flee. Can't you tell some of your secrets to a little boy like me? But the old hall clock Answered just: "Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Tick-tock."

Never changing the expression Of your placid face, Never making a confession Any time or place, Can't you tell me of the courting you have seen upon the stairs? Of the stately wedding marches, of the ministers and prayers? Of the good old squires and damsels who have come and gone in pairs?

But the old hall clock Answered just: "Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Tick-tock."

It's for history I'm seeking And you've got to tell, It's of father I am speaking, And you might as well, When a youngster, was he always doing just exactly right?

Did he have to have a tickin' almost every single night? Now, you needn't fear to trust me, for I'll keep it secret, quite. But the old hall clock Answered just: "Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Tick-tock."

Bland recorder of the ages, If you'll be so kind, Turn ahead among life's pages, Tell us what you find. When you look into the future, tell me what it is you see.

What, in just another decade, is this old world going to be? Tell me, what is going to come of just a little boy like me? But the old hall clock Answered just: "Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Tick-tock."

Voices of the People

The War Ended 47 Years Ago.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—In the issue of The Times-Dispatch of December 14, on the last page appears a news article, headed, "Williams' Funeral," which follows a description of the Howitzers' annual banquet, held in celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the death of Frederick Williams, Rev. George W. McDaniel, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, Richmond, being the principal speaker on the occasion. It is said of him that "he proved himself a defender of Attorney-General Williams in his vehement Southern viewpoint." It is also stated that "the minister spoke with deliberation and did not mine words nor fail to show how he felt." Then follow at some length extracts from Dr. McDaniel's speech.

It is very evident that Dr. McDaniel intended this as a public reply to my letter, published in The Times-Dispatch, criticizing Attorney-General Williams for his untimely utterances at a Confederate reunion held in the town of Crewe in September last. Personally, I don't care a rap for what Dr. McDaniel or anybody else has said, or said in criticism of the letter referred to, but for the principle involved in this matter I do care profoundly, and since Dr. McDaniel has shed his censor into the ring I propose to reply to him and show every fair-minded and patriotic Virginian wherein he errs.

Now, first of all let us get this matter straight. I have not criticized Attorney-General Williams or anybody else for objecting to false statements in the public school text books. There is not a man in the State of Virginia who would object more strenuously or promptly than myself to such statements, not in school books only, but anywhere, and I have not done so. What I did object to was his unwelcome and words in dealing with such a question on such an occasion.

There it is; he could not get through without the use of that word of terror. Who has said anything about traitors? That is a speech from the lips of a follower of the meek and lowly One, who taught His disciples to love their enemies and to pray for them by whom they were desperately wronged.

I have three little boys, all natives of good old Virginia, and rather than follow their silent forms to Hollywood or any other graveyard I would take the chance of their being taken out by the sillyisms and fads of the day—political or theological—which in the nature of things cannot be wholly avoided in the assured confidence of their ultimate emergence from the fog-bound landings of error into the open reaches of the sunny slopes of Truth.

I have grappled with error myself in many forms in the hard campaign of life, and there is nothing in this world sweeter to the soul of man than the fruits of victory, which truth always wins in every conflict with the false, no matter how long drawn out that conflict be. So for my little boys I wish life and the chance to fight their way through errors, fads, fumes and what not, to the ultimate and glorious goal of Truth.

Surely such an expression as Dr. McDaniel uses in reference to his boys must in all charity be taken as a figure of speech, but at that it is neither fit nor fine.

The Doctor's references to slavery are beside the mark. I have not referred to it. I have known the South through the dark days of

Abbe Martin

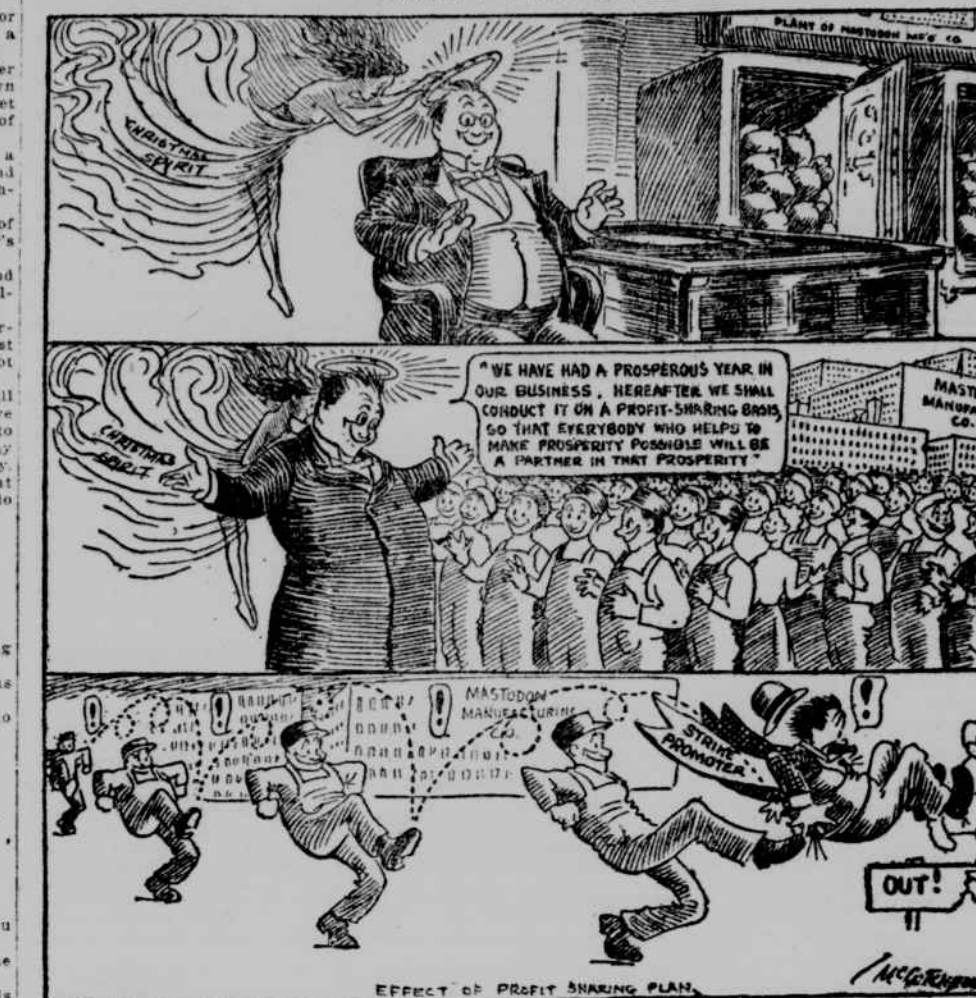
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THE MARKETPLACE OF THE SOUTH

LOYAL IN LABOR, PARTNERS IN PROFIT.

By John T. McCutcheon.

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EFFECT OF PROFIT-SHARING PLAN

I leave it to the thoughtful men of Virginia to say who is right in the matter. Dr. McDaniel goes on to say: "If on next Sunday I go to the Presbyterian Church with Judge Christian and hear the pastor preach on infant baptism, I am not to be heard saying that the sermon was out of place. Nor is a Southern speech at a gathering of Confederate veterans out of place. Here is an adroit play on the prejudices of his hearers."

But examine that statement and see what there is in it. He supposes himself to be an invited guest at the church of a Christian denomination other than his own, at which church he hears a sermon on infant baptism, a tenet which finds no place or sympathy in his own creed. Now says he: "I am not to be heard saying that that sermon was out of place." Therefore, he would have us understand that any man who goes to a Confederate reunion should hear what is said—no matter what—and keep his mouth shut. Is not this a bad, an unusual analogy, or where does there are numerous Baptists and Presbyterians in the country to-day, and a criticism of the sort he mentions under the conditions named would be in bad taste indeed, yet as throughout all the length and breadth of Virginia there are to-day only loyal and patriotic citizens, how does it follow that it would be in bad taste for one of those citizens to take to task another citizen for an unwise utterance on a public occasion? There are no Confederates to-day, only Confederate veterans, and they are all loyal citizens of one great and united country. Therefore, Dr. McDaniel's analogy is neither ingenious, ingenious nor true.

To quote the Doctor again: "It has been said in this connection that Virginia should not elect to office a man who would speak as the Attorney-General did." It may be true that somebody has said that, Doctor, but I did not say it. I asked this question of Virginia in the important office he now holds? I was speaking of Mr. Williams as a public man, and his fitness to represent the State of Virginia in the important office he now holds? I was speaking of Mr. Williams as a public man, and his fitness to represent the State of Virginia in the important office he now holds?

When the dastardly crime was committed on Tuesday night, December 2, and a posse was in pursuit of the fiend, and it was thought the wound would prove fatal to Mr. Dickerson, he would probably have fared badly if he had been caught at that time, but after the improvement of the wound—man and the cooling process of time there would not have been any danger of mob violence at all—certainly not when the negro had practically surrendered himself, and was in the hands of the law. Our people are too brave and law-abiding to contravene the law in a case like this. Moreover, Mr. Dickerson, when he was a prisoner, was a generous man, and was well treated, and the greatest desire that the fiend be captured, requested from the first that the law be allowed to take its course.

Your article would indicate that services at the Presbyterian Church were broken up when it was learned that Morton had been arrested. This was far from the case, as only a few men sitting near the door, who were referred to help carry the prisoner to jail, left the building, and the fact of the arrest being made was known to a few only.

I think that the sheriff did right in carrying Morton off, because it was impossible for him, living ten miles away, to know with any degree of certainty the temper of the people in and around this place, and it was well to take no chances; but I am convinced that there would have been no danger in allowing the negro to remain in jail.

The Magical Christmas Feeling.
Here it comes, stealing, stealing, With its touch of magic healing, healing; Old wounds that have pained for a year or more, Are touched—they are no longer sore; Are healed by this magical Christmas feeling.

Here it comes, kneeling, kneeling, With heart so tender and words so appealing; It begs for forgiveness, beseeches a kiss, And hearts once estranged feel exquisite bliss.

All through this magical Christmas feeling, This wondrous, magical Christmas feeling, Touched Judea's shepherds one night while kneeling, And inspired in hearts, untamed and wild, A passion for love for an infant Child; Oh, blessed, magical Christmas feeling!

ROBERTA PEYTON.

United States Pensions.
To whom should I apply to find out about pensions for soldiers of the War of 1812, or for the children of such soldiers? Write to the Bureau of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

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